



JIM ROGERSON, one of the "Chindits," holds up the only spoon the column had for mixing biscuits.



JIM SUDDERY displays the bullet that went in his back and came out of the hole in his stomach he is pointing to.

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heard singing to himself in Arabic. He is passionately fond of music, and for hours will lie on the floor listening to symphonic records. His literary tastes extend from Shakespeare to the British comic-strip heroine "Jane," but he prefers serious reading.

Wingate talks like an encyclopedia. In the officers' mess he will hold forth on Yoga, the social habits of the hyena, the behaviour of flies when you put them under a tumbler, 18th century painting, and how to win the war. In Ethiopia he once amazed a group of junior officers with a discourse on the technique of hyena hunting by pistol in the moonlight.

### Prodigiously Indiscreet

Wingate is no respecter of rank or title; his indiscretion is prodigious. He lectures superiors on their mistakes of policy, and is probably the only British officer in modern times who has used the ancient prerogative of complaining in writing to the King about one of his superiors. But after provoking the wrath of a group of brass hats with his unorthodox ideas, Wingate once soberly remarked to a friend: "You know, I'm not half as crazy as people think."



TWO DAYS' RATIONS included (from left) digestive biscuits, dates, cheese, sugar, salt, chocolate, matches, tea, powdered milk and cigarettes. The can holds ten days' rations, packed for parachute drop.

In Palestine in 1938, he was awarded the D.S.O.—to which he has since added two bars—for leading the night patrols that cleared the country of Axis-subsidised Arab terrorists. In Ethiopia he won the admiration and support of the tribesmen by a series of swashbuckling forays against vastly superior Italian forces.

Wingate is one of the few white men in this war who have succeeded in swaying the primitive native mind. He always carries with him a duplicating machine, a loudspeaker, and a unit of specially-trained native propagandists. At every village in Burma and Ethiopia he paused long enough to hand out leaflets and to broadcast a manifesto framed in simple, picturesque language. "The mysterious men who have come among you," he told the Burmese, "can summon from afar great and mysterious powers of the air, and will rid you of the fierce, scowling Japanese." The Burmese reverently named him "Lord Protector of the Pagodas." They kept mum about the movements of the Chindits, and guided them over secret jungle trails.

### In Ethiopia

The Ethiopian campaign was a typical Wingate show all the way—full of dash, surprise, and successful bluff. With only 1800 Sudanese and Ethiopian Askaris, he stormed Italian strongholds in a series of rapier-like thrusts. Groups of fuzzy-haired Ethiopian irregulars—Wingate insisted they be called "Patriots"—rallied to his side.

Field-Marshal Wavell was so impressed that he summoned Wingate to India in the autumn of 1942, raised him to the rank of brigadier, and gave him a free hand to build up a super-commando force that would be the vanguard of reconquest of Burma.

"The Jap," says Wingate, "is no superman. His operational schemes are the product of a third-rate brain. Jungle warfare demands resourcefulness and endurance. The Jap has tremendous endurance, but he cannot solve problems he has never faced before. We have proved we can beat the Jap on his own chosen ground."



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